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Committee

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THE BRYANT PRESS
FLORENCE

Burness Prize Essay

The Element of Retribution in Shakspeare's Tragedies

RETRIBUTION is a law of life. It is as invincible, as mysterious, as irresistible as is the law of gravitation: a fixed law, changeless and remorseless. It is the "give and it shall be given unto you" changed into the give and it *must* be given unto you. It is the effect of the "cause and effect" of the nineteenth century. There has never been a law more universally known to the world; yet, strangest of all paradoxes, there has never been a law more vague, more difficult for man to fathom. The ignorant one speaks of retribution and his words seem wise; the greatest philosopher stands baffled by the very thought. It is a law so simple yet so intricate, so shallow yet so deep.

Since the beginning of the world there has always been a longing in the heart of man to express his thoughts in words, to give utterance to the best that is within him. So sound changed into language, language into poetry, poetry into literature. What are books? Are they not the records of the inner life of man, the life, it may be, of fancy, of ideals, of knowledge, of struggles, of actions? What not? And what is life? A compound made of many elements. So far man has discovered—yet even

farther. He has divided the elements into molecules, the molecules into atoms. He has given them names, has classified them; beyond this he cannot go. He cannot fathom the mystery of space.

Books then, the records of this compound life, are of value only, can exist only we might almost say, to the degree in which they treat of the elements that go to make up this life. Let life be treated superficially and they are of value only to the child, whose limited power of vision will not allow him to understand things invisible. With the man it is different. Living in a visible world he craves for things unseen. Turning from the struggles of men to the struggles of the soul he longs for rest—the rest of the deep waters of the ocean, he would stagnate in the pool. Thus men of this century read Browning. Thus men of all ages have read Shakspeare. Writing of Shakspeare, Emerson has said:

“We have his recorded convictions on those questions which knock for answer at every heart—on life, and death, on love, on wealth and poverty, on the prizes of life and the ways whereby we come at them, on the characters of men, and the influences, occult and open, which effect their fortunes; and on those mysterious and demoniacal powers which defy our science and yet interweave their malice and their gift in our brightest hours.”

To study Shakspeare's views of retribution and confine ourselves to his tragedies is to strive to see the workings of the law through dark glasses. For tragedy in its very name suggests bloodshed and sorrow. It is to his comedies and histories that we should turn for rewards of joy and happiness.

Yet even the tragedies have joy interwoven with the pain. There is the love of a Juliet answering back to the love of a Romeo, a love misplaced, not sinful. The story of the "star-crossed" lovers is not really sad; there is nothing gloomy in their death. It was not even premature. Their love for each other had risen to its highest point. True, in after years there might have been added to it the peace and quiet that comes at even-tide. As it was, pure, innocent, chaste, romantic, it could not have grown in height. It had already reached its climax. It was strong enough, deep enough, to change the child Juliet, timid, obedient, dependent, into the active, independent woman. It was a love powerful enough to transform Romeo's impulse into purpose. The lesson of the tragedy was not designed to be learnt by the lovers, nor, do I think, was it meant for the heads of the houses Capulet and Montague. Friar Laurence was its victim.

"To do a great right, do a little wrong," Bassanio begged of Portia.

"It must not be, it cannot be," she answered.

Friar Laurence was an old man but he had to learn over again the lesson so frequently repeated in childhood. Do not play with evil, it is deceptive, cunning as a serpent, more fatal in its sting.

Removed from this tragedy in years as well as in depth is the story of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. In it we read of a life that might have been an active force to purify and uplift the rotten State of Denmark, ruined because, instead of doing deeds, he dreamed them all day long. Nothing can be more sad than the failure of such a life, stunted as it was from the beginning by its very inactivity.

“The time is out of joint—O cursed spite !
That ever I was born to set it right !”

was the key-note of Hamlet's being.

Pondering over life and over the sins of his fellow-men each day Hamlet becomes more desolate. He seeks for the cause of the evil, for some evil must lie at the bottom of the State's upheaval. Finally his father comes and reveals to him the guilt of the king, his uncle. And what does Hamlet do? Seek for revenge at once? No; ponders, philosophizes, curses fate, cries aloud in his horror of the sin:

“Use every man after his desert and who should 'scape whipping.”

Then in his despondency:

“How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of the world !”

Cries but does not act. If Brutus had been Hamlet how great a change there would have been!

One of Hamlet's chief failings, a direct result probably of his inactivity, was his lack of power to see things in their true perspective. He had no power of insight. He could not read character, could not understand men. Because of this lack of knowledge he put everything in a false position. Ophelia, he exalted, thought that the poor, innocent child, perhaps on account of her very innocence, must have a strength on which he might lean, and when he tried to test her and found that the staff of her slender trust would break, he cast her away as useless. Poor child, she needed the support of a strong will to guide her. No wonder that innocent and weak as

she was, she should yield herself to a painless death rather than live a painful life.

It is not until the last part of the play that Hamlet begins to live an active life. At once the change in his moral nature becomes apparent. He begins to grow. If he could have lived to see the king and the queen dead; if he could have lived with Horatio by his side to guide and help him, what might he not have grown to be? Death came too soon; and, oh the pity of it! A nature cramped, shattered, broken, because it lived in itself, in thoughts, not deeds, in ghosts, not men. A mind dwarfed that might have been expanded. If he could only have learnt the lesson from nature. An oak-tree cannot grow in a flower-pot. It must break the sides of the jar and spread its roots into the earth. That lesson he did not learn. Oh, the pity, the pity of it!

A dreamer too, was Timon of Athens. Like Hamlet he could not find his right place in the world, because he did not understand the people of the world. Rich, powerful, generous, his court was crowded day in and day out with flatterers whom he called friends. Innocent as a child, impulsive, generous, simple, he believed them to be as sincere in all that they did or said as he himself would have been. So he lived on in his merry, careless life, intemperate in all things, in love, in giving, in living. The blow came; his money lost, his friends gone, and he left to face the world alone. Never having learnt the lesson of control, having no one to restrain him, hating as passionately as he once had loved, he wandered to the forest, there to strive to forget mankind. So the lover of men changed into the misanthrope: the optimist into the pessimist. Such is the lesson of intemperance.

“Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.”

“Why ! why is this ?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions.”

Yet jealousy, the green-eyed monster came and took possession of the very soul of Othello, and he that was “of a free and open nature, that thinks men honest that but seem to be so” was changed into a man to whom revenge seemed dearer than life, to whom love seemed almost an evil. Poor Desdemona, still loving though unloved; she passed out of the world, with the tune of “Willow, willow” echoing in her ear, while with her lips she praised the one who caused her death.

What does Shakspeare mean by this sad tale? Why should Desdemona die? Why should Othello lose all when life had begun to look so fair? Why was he saved from the flood only to be hurled into a daily death of mistrust and despair? Above all why was Iago spared to live unharmed his dreadful life? What is the law of retribution after all if such things may happen in the world? We have entered the valley of doubt. We cannot understand.

Iago lived—yet what a life. Incapable of love, incapable of being loved, the most unhappy man the world has ever seen.

“It is the strength of the base element,” Ruskin says in “The Queen of the Air,”

“that is so dreadful in the serpent, it is the very omnipotence of the earth. It scarcely breathes with its one lung (the other being shrivelled and abortive); it is passive to the sun and shade, and is cold or hot like a stone; yet it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the zebra, outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger. It is a divine hierograph of the demoniac power of the earth; of the entire earthly nature.” “Such is the serpent Iago” Dowden writes.

The serpent Iago, the serpent, the basest form of life, the symbol of innate sin, against which every man's hand is turned, at the sight of which every man shudders. “Such is the serpent Iago.” Was it not a greater punishment for such a one to live than to die? Learn the lesson that Shakspeare would teach, that Phillips Brooks in these later years has taught. The most awful punishment that man can ever receive is the ruin of his soul. You cannot sin and stand still. Just as it would be impossible for the earth to cease to rotate even for the one-millionth part of a second, so it is impossible for the soul to ever be at rest. If the sun did not attract the earth and hold her under his sway, some other fixed star would. All of which is a parable. The soul is active. It, too, is revolving in a universe, attracted by good and evil. Let it cease to follow good, and evil will get possession of it.

Iago had lost his birthright. Instead of expanding into the divine, his soul was shrinking into the awful nothingness. It is the lesson which all men must learn.

So much for Iago. Let it be granted that he received his retribution, through the death of his soul. What of Desdemona? What of Cordelia, who lay strangled on King Lear's breast? What of Imogen? They had not sinned and yet they suffered.

Upon a high pinnacle a traveller stood one day and watched the wild winds blow over the earth. Whence they came he could not tell nor whither they went. He watched them as they whirled about, doing what harm they would, without restraint it seemed to him, without control. Then out of the depth of his being he cried aloud "Oh, God, if there be a God, give to me the meaning of these winds. Why in this world of law and order can such things be!" "Poor weak creatures of the earth" the God replied, "those winds which you have seen, at whose violence you have trembled, are subjected to a law, which they are as powerless to evade as is the earth to stand still or the sun to cease to shine. Man in his weakness and folly cannot understand."

Did Shakspeare understand the law of retribution? Were there not mysterious passages through which he had to walk unguided? It could not have seemed just to him that Desdemona should have died. It was the final step in the working out of some law. He did not understand the law; yet, not understanding, he recognized its existence.

Closely related to the justice of Desdemona's death comes this other question: Is man predestined to sin or does he fall through the agency of his own wilful sin? Has he the power to break away from evil and do well or is he bound to follow the path allotted to him?

Macbeth urged on by the witches, going from bad to worse, ruining a mind by nature noble, was he predestined to fall or could he have broken away from the fetters of ambition and lived to be Thane of Cawdor and Glanis if not king of Scotland?

Lady Macbeth, refined, delicate, sensitive, with courage and nervous energy enough to urge Macbeth on to his frightful bloodshed and murder, could she have drawn back and lived a life of love and pity?

“Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not serve to whiten this little hand. What's done cannot be undone. The spot, the spot, the damned spot.”

Was Lady Macbeth or was fate accountable for that spot?

“There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

So cried Hamlet; so have cried the voices of all ages. Did Shakspeare believe in the doctrine of predestination? He does not say. He never expressed a belief that such a force does exist; he sometimes implies that it may exist. Often we are led to believe that he thought it was predominant in the world, and yet, should we be asked: “Did Shakspeare always believe in predestination?” which one of us would say yes. Did he ever believe in predestination is another question. Undoubtedly, at one time, he did. Just as the lines in an old man's face are the emblems left to tell of the battles fought in life, so there are marks in these tales of sorrow to tell of the battles that Shakspeare waged whilst struggling after truth.

“It is the stars above us, govern our conditions.” How many times he must have uttered that cry in doubt and perplexity. How many times he must have looked upon a struggling world of men given up to sin. There is an Antony, losing his better

self in his blind love for a Cleopatra; there a Coriolanus eaten up by a false pride; there an Achilles smothered by self-conceit; there a Brutus ruined by a wrong idea of his duty to his country. Everywhere men struggling towards a false goal. A world where love and duty are abandoned for avarice and greed. It is easy to say that Shakspeare must have at one time believed in predestination. It is far harder to say why we think he grew out of that belief.

“ Oh, my soul's joy
If after every tempest comes such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death !”

Not the dead calm of resignation but the living calm of hope. After the storm-tossed sea of tragedy, after the terror and the pain, we are driven into the haven, and rest in that calm. This is the spirit in which we leave the tragedies. We have not been dwelling in an unhealthy atmosphere. We do not feel that we must yield ourselves victims to life; life is our victim to do with as we will. Could we feel this if we believed in the existence of predestination? Could Shakspeare make us feel in that way if he believed in it? It is poor logic to say we believe because we feel, but is it not the logic upon which our whole religion is based?

Another question must come to us, although one by no means so important as that of predestination. Did Shakspeare believe that retribution might extend into another world or are all sins atoned for in this world? Was it enough for Iago to live “a life devoid of all faith in beauty and in virtue” or must he receive more material punishment in the life that is to come?

"I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burn't and purged away.

* * * * *

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatch'd ;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head."

Shakspeare makes very few references to future punishment. The subject did not interest him very deeply. Sin if not punished in this world will receive due retribution in the next, but it is to the penalties of this life that he would draw our attention.

In the "Scarlet Letter" Hawthorne has portrayed to us the child Pearl as the emblem of her mother's sin. Often would the mother awake in the morning to find the eyes of the little one fixed upon the letter. Strive to get away from that innocent gaze and she could not. Throw the letter away, and the child, laughingly, would run and bring it back again.

Shakspeare has touched upon the same theme. Sin may be inherited. Take for instance the case of Edmund, the bastard son of the Earl of Gloucester. A man born in sin, he was a man of sin, with no conception, it would almost seem, of right, unless his last act be taken into consideration—that of trying to save King Lear and

Cordelia from the hands of the hangman. Was Edmund's life the retribution of Gloucester's sin and if so was not the penalty too great? Let men measure the consequences of their deeds.

I have spoken before of the sense of violence and sorrow that the word tragedy brings to us. Couple this with retribution, in the most common sense of the word, punishment, and the darkness deepens. Yet even as a world clothed in darkness may seem to be filled with light when seen from another planet, so retribution may be used in its other sense, reward. The tragedy is still sad but not despairing.

In the darkest nights, when the sun has long since set and the good and the evil alike have gone to rest, out of the heaven there seems to come a song, wordless, noiseless, pure and holy, the song of the silence of silence, the harmony of night. So in the darkest hours of doubt and despair there may come to a Brutus, a Portia. Like a beautiful lady, rich in the jewels of innocence and beauty, clad in the garments of piety, she walked into a troubled world, and knocking at her husband's heart placed courage and purpose there. Brave soul, daring to rush into the very midst of the battle of life and there to stay until its noise and violence became too great for the delicate fibers of her heart and she must die of grief. What was her reward? Only a few lives sanctified, purified, because she had given herself to form a part of them.

Again through the silence of the night another song is wafted. It tells of a lonely mountain, of a terrible storm, of thunder, of lightning, of icy winds, of beating rain. It tells of an old man who once rich, now poor, must face the tempest, must see in its violence the reflection of his own sad life. Yet King Lear even in the most bitter

hour of sorrow and misery was not alone. Loyal and true in the times of prosperity, Kent only increased his fidelity in the days of disaster. He was of such a pure, loyal nature that he must love where love was most needed, must serve when all hope of glory and riches to be gained had vanished. Knocked about, buffeted by the enemies of the King, he gained what was better than pearls, more precious than rubies, the name of true friend.

Imogen with her unbroken faith in her faithless Leonatus is in herself a poem. Edgar guiding his blind father, a masterpiece of the richness of human pity. God lives not alone in the heavens, he has scattered his divinity over the whole earth. The retribution of love is love. Shakspeare was a great optimist; he believed in the power of love to grow, in the power of virtue to generate virtue. It is the old example from nature. A lily will grow more beautiful in the bright sunshine and under the blue sky; so man's soul will grow with each good deed. Thrust the lily into the dark and it will shrivel away; take man away from good and his soul will die. Moreover, virtue cannot be lost. Like matter it cannot be destroyed. Strive to smother it and it will burst into song. Strive to conceal it and it will break down its bulwarks. Virtue must be ultimately recognized. That is its final right. An Othello may question the faith of a Desdemona but at the end of his life he will be moved to say: Speak of me as one

“Whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.”

A stone when it is dropped from a high building will increase its velocity as it comes through space until it reaches the ground. So with each good deed the soul draws nearer to its goal, the divine.

It seems strange to think that in a tragedy, one may look for humor. The poor fool's wit seems more pathetic there than droll. We doubt if Shakspeare ever meant us to laugh at it. Yet humor there is. Dowden, in his treatise on Hamlet, brings out the thought that even here "the comic element is present," is present, "but not obtruded." Laertes, with all the self-conceited importance of an elder brother takes it upon himself to give to Ophelia a moral lecture. She in turn would give to him some "sisterly advice," but he finds that his time is limited. He must away. Too late. Polonius has entered the stage just as the boy would leave it and Leonatus must listen to a long drawn-out speech upon the folly of vice and the wisdom of virtue. There is nothing more comical than the retribution of self-conceit.

I have already spoken of Shakspeare's belief that retribution is an active force which works in the soul and mind of man. This is the phase of the law on which he places the most emphasis, but he by no means abandons the other phase, retribution as shown in material punishment. To the average small child, stories from Shakspeare might be as truly a mine of pleasure as are the tales of Grimm. There are punishments and horrors, suicides and murders, duels and wars enough to satisfy even the most bloodthirsty; witches, ghosts, and spirits enough for the most imaginative. The moralist may come to Shakspeare for his examples of the weakness of sin. Sin cannot exist unrestrained. It must be punished. There is no cover thick enough to conceal it; no labyrinth so intricate that it cannot be discovered. There are voices in the

air that proclaim the evil deed; ghosts, who in the dead of night, wander and announce the sin. A Lady Macbeth may be strong enough to keep an awful secret all the day; by the strong fetters of an iron will she may keep it bound, but in the night, when sleep has loosed those fetters, it will escape. Dreams arise and images terrible. A son follows his mother to her chamber and says:

“Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.”

A Iachimo cannot endure the thrusts of an evil conscience.

“I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal.
My heavy conscience sinks my knee
As then you force did. Take that life; beseech you
Which I so often owe.”

An Artemidorus stands ready to say

“Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius, come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar.”

Sin must be discovered and after the discovery it is only a step farther to the punishment. The inevitable step.

It is wonderful to note with what ingenuity Shakspeare disposed of his villains, so natural do their untimely deaths seem. He never had to search for an excuse to “kill off” this or that character, the excuse seemed to come of its own accord. Living

in an age when every man held a dagger and stood in readiness to use it at the slightest provocation, nothing could be more natural than that he should introduce the duel into his plays. There, many of his characters appeared for the last time. It was always a combat between good and bad; the evil was conquered, yet everything seemed natural, nothing forced; the artistic balance of the play was not harmed. Only a great artist could give this effect.

Again, if champions did not arise to punish the sinner the guilty one would often, through his own folly and ignorance, take the path that brought him to his doom. Cloten, dressed in Leonatus' clothes while journeying to find an Imogen, to take away her happiness and to kill her lord, must meet a Belarius whom he would not hesitate to assault.

Cassius, mistaking the cry of victory for that of defeat, must fall upon his servant's sword. Antony chose to follow the ship of Cleopatra rather than that of the Romans. A king prepared a dreadful draught for Hamlet, but it was the queen who drank it, and he himself who fell by the poisoned dagger prepared for the Prince of Denmark. Goneril and Regen "the one the other poisoned and then slew herself." There are hundreds of similar cases. "The common curse of mankind is folly and ignorance." Only a few can turn away from the songs of the sirens.

To blend so much of mystery, of bloodshed, of things unnatural with things natural, requires the skill of a great artist. To teach a lesson to a child and make him unconscious of the effort he is expending in the task requires a great teacher. To place a flower of purity and beauty, delicate and frail, in a field of bloodshed and carnage and to leave its purity unharmed requires a great poet. To sing the song of

love in a world of sorrow and pain and to make the harmony sound sweeter because of the discords of despair is the gift of a great singer. To bring a world of lawlessness under the regime of law requires a God.

Shakspeare was a great poet, a great singer, a great teacher and being the sum total of all these things, a great man, he recognized the possibility of a God. He became a scholar and strove to find out the meaning of the laws of that God. He found that man was a part of the divine law. He watched him, studied him, loved him, as only a true student can, sympathetically, lovingly, unswervingly. Then after he had observed, the teacher, the artist, the poet, in the world's greatest singer awoke, and he wrote of what he had learnt. He told of man, who had sinned and gone astray, of the penalty that his sin must cause him to bear. He called these stories tragedies because man of his own will had wandered away from life and chosen death. Yet ever and anon amid these tales of sorrow he told of those who, living in a sinful world, were yet pure. He told his story simply, sincerely, so that those who read were filled with hope rather than despair, with courage rather than faint-heartedness.

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids not sit, nor stand, but go.
Be our joys threefold pain
Strive and hold cheap the strain
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare never grudge the throe."

It is not the voice of Rabbi Ben Ezra alone that speaks. It is the echoes from the ages growing stronger, not fainter as they come to us.

ALICE JACKSON.



Elm Street, Northampton

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Music Hall



Interior of Gymnasium



Lilly Hall of Science



Interior of Chapel



Class Histories

Freshman History

“COMMON souls,” it has been said, “pay with what they do; nobler souls with what they are,” and the historian of Ninety-Eight's Freshman year can truthfully say that never was this statement more clearly exemplified than in that same memorable year when Ninety-Eight was introduced to Smith College—and Smith College to Ninety-Eight.

Those nine months, from September, Ninety-Four to June, Ninety-Five,—as far as Ninety-Eight is concerned—have gone down in the annals of the College marked by no signal achievement, no great and glorious victory won, no dazzling success in literature, science or athletics. But what can you expect from even the best of Freshmen? As for Ninety-Eight, we were too busy being, to be doing very greatly.

We *were* a class! as Faculty, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores remarked—each with a different intonation, and there's boundless meaning in an intonation. In the first place, we were “fresh”—the historian's first duty is adherence to truth—but then, in the second place, we were young. Yes, we were very young—in years and in wisdom. We gloried in our youth. As to years, that would soon be remedied; four more added, even to fifteen, would see that far behind in the distance. As to wisdom, we had made use of what we had in choosing our College, and where better could we



Freshman Basket Ball Team

E. Hammond,	A. Twining,	E. Byles,	J. MacAlister,	E. Craighead,
A. Jackson,	F. Reed,	M. Kennard,	C. Waldo,	C. Sherrill.

increase our store? In fact the youthful Ninety-Eight might be said to have combined the "energy of manhood [womanhood, I should say] with the engaging unconsciousness of childhood."

The Faculty bemoaned this "engaging unconsciousness;" the Seniors benignly smiled at the childlike simplicity of dangling braids and short skirts—not golf-skirts; the Juniors recognized our need of protectors and became our staunch friends and allies; while the Sophomores—well, really, we didn't notice the Sophomores, then, any more than was necessary.

However, we cherished no deep resentment against them for all prying and spying at Class-meetings, for all sly winks and significant grins at our innocent remarks, for the utter oblivion into which they had allowed the preceding year to fall—indeed to tumble. They proved most kind and gracious hostesses at the Sophomore-Freshman Entertainment, at which we wore our best white muslins, and some few of us even wore evening-dress! We were proud of those few.

After that function was dismissed, as we were told by the other girls, the year had really begun. And truly we did feel a little more at home. We walked more boldly through the halls; we entered class-rooms with a freer step, even coming in a minute or two late without blushing or stumbling over chairs; we opened the door of the reading-room and actually walked to the back of the room, instead of sitting hurriedly down in the first, empty chair, though few of us, all through the year, were able to accomplish this with the nonchalant ease and *savoir faire* of the Seniors; we stopped before the bulletin board and took a note off with an easy grace, though it

was impossible to suppress a smile of pleasure—and an important lift of the chin.

Thus we were initiated—not by any hazing, which we had, immediately preceding our entrance to College, put down as decidedly vulgar, barbarous—and unwomanly,—but by that most innocent, friendly pleasant amusement known as a “girl-dance.” Thus the fall and winter terms were spent in becoming acclimated, in finding our place and fitting ourselves well into it. Our Freshman journals—wherever they are—might read like the long-famous journal of the “Bad boy.” who wrote:

October 7. Had good time.

October 27. Did same.

November 18. Same again.

Not that “having a good time” was all that occupied us Freshman year. By no means. That year, be it long remembered, saw the establishment of the “mid-years,” and poor little Ninety-Eight was the first Freshman class compelled to pass through that fiery ordeal. It was hard on us, as Freshmen, lacking the wisdom of the haughty Sophs, the easy carelessness of the Juniors, the superior dignity of the Seniors, and indeed we have shown a weakened constitution ever since—a falling off, so to speak.

Having safely passed through that yawning Scylla and Charybdis, we were hurried along over the sea of Fate to the day of the basket-ball game. Here something very strange happened. But even the historian must be allowed the unusual license of passing over the details in silence. The memory of that sad day when Ninety-Eight, with a score never before heard of in the annals of basket-ball games, saw glorious victory approach to her very feet, reached her hand to grasp it, and then—saw it dis-

appear, forever—that memory is still too near our hearts, even at the end of Senior year, to make the barest mention of the facts anything but unpleasant.

However, though Ninety-Eight did cover herself with glory in basket-ball, she has been known to achieve greater triumphs, and indeed “what Ninety-Seven couldn’t do, she now has proved she can.” But that is encroaching on the Senior historian’s provinces.

Such was the humble beginning of the noble class of Ninety-Eight. All great and noble beings have humble beginnings and even Ninety-Eight cannot prove an exception to that rule. But the half has not been told of her glorious career. I will leave the rest to the historians of the three following years—over three great steps up the ladder of learning and fame, each one higher and better than the last, not one backward step. They will complete the history, of which the

“Substance is not here :
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity ;
But were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.”

LUCY LEFFINGWELL CABLE.

Sophomore History

THE leaves were changing from their summer greens to their autumn reds, the sun setting over Paradise seemed to clothe the world in a crimson glory, the great elms, bending low their branches, waved a welcome to the new College year, when we a merry, happy class came back again to our home among the hills, to rejoice in the dawn of a glorious Sophomore year.

Merry, happy Sophomores. What did it matter if the transept seats were placed too closely together, what if the Seniors still continued to think us young in spite of the elevation of our hair from the braids we used to wear, what indeed if on rare occasions we were mistaken for the Freshmen, our Freshmen. What could harm us now? We had taken a mighty leap and knew that we were safe, safe in the Sophomore Class.

Sophomore year is the transitional period, during which in some marvellous, mysterious way, the innocent, little Freshman changes into the dignified all-wise Junior, a period in which everything depends upon wisdom and ingenuity. Our wisdom we showed in the very beginning of the year, when we chose for our President, one who, honored and loved by the whole class, should safely steer it through all the dangerous places, which must come to threaten the harmony of every year. Nor did

our ingenuity fail us, for what else could have sent us into the woods to gather the red and green leaves to decorate the gymnasium for the Sophomore reception, or how else indeed could we have filled the Freshman grind-books so full of really good grinds in spite of the stern decree of Ninety-Nine that we should not enter their first class-meeting.

The autumn days found us hard at work, wandering into new realms in search of Knowledge. The grasshoppers upon the back campus still sing a mournful dirge of those troublous times when their homes were destroyed and their loved ones snatched ruthlessly away by cruel hands, to die, martyrs to the cause of science. The stars in their silent courses looked down upon eager upturned faces and nodded and twinkled and played hide and go seek in a most provoking way and all the time were longing to tell of the wonderful things that they had seen in the countless ages. Then there were the themes, for who can forget those literary productions, published every fortnight with the utmost regularity, and carefully reviewed by the leading critics of the day.

Hallowe'en, with its goblins and jack-lanterns, with its blazing fires and roasted apples, with its ghost stories that made a queer little chill run down the back, came in to tell us that the winter days had come. What a merry winter it was, hard work to be sure, but hard work spiced with good times. There was the snow-ball fight, which we did not have and the satisfaction of watching the Freshmen build the fort which we did have. There was skating and coasting, house-dances and house-plays. The Amazons appeared in all their splendor to be followed by the Lawrence House County Fair. There was the



Mandolin Club

L. Barlow, '99, E. Padgham, '98, E. Mahoney, 1900, M. Kennard, '99, R. Huntington, '99, L. Fletcher, 1900,
M. May, '99, H. Harsha, 1901, M. Knowlton, '98, N. Almirall, 1901, M. Sayles, 1901,
H. Janney, 1900, M. L. Caldwell, 1901, E. Clark, '98.

twenty second when we sang our class songs and were crowned with glory in the debate, and Valentine's Day when we sang each other's praises in ditties and when rhymes written by the hand of Cupid floated freely to all parts of the campus. The first society elections added the excitement and enthusiasm necessary to carry us across the awful gulf of the Mid-years. Even the German irregular verbs became a thing of the past.

But amid the joys and merry-making of the winter months a great sorrow came to the class, for when the snow was just beginning to fall and the first Christmas carols to be wafted through the clear, frosty heavens, one of our classmates was taken away from us. Quietly she had lived among us, so quietly, and quietly at that beautiful Christmas time she went away from out our midst, leaving a great sorrow in the heart of the class for she had loved it well.

The basket ball game came just before the Spring vacation, when the class rallied around the team, and although it did not win the game yet was proud of it, and in those days the red shone more brightly and the flags waved right merrily for Ninety-Eight has always been the same loyal class that cannot be daunted.

Our Sophomore History would never be complete if we did not speak of the birthday celebration for Sophia Smith, and tell how we all assembled in the chapel to listen to the stories of the college in its infancy and of the wishes of the founder for it, and when at the end President Seelye arose to respond to the applause which we had given to him and said "Ye are my joy," in the heart of each one of us there sprang a deeper, stronger love for our college, its founder, but most of all for its President.

The Junior Promenade with the gymnasium changed into a little piece of fairyland by

our decorating committee was followed by our Sophomore-Senior entertainment. After all the trials and tribulations through which we had passed, after our sudden fall from the heights on which we dreamed of having Paderewski to play to us, to the awful thought that we might be reduced to a tea on the back campus, it seemed like the irony of fate that we should give the Tempest, but a very good tempest it proved to be, bringing with it as it did so many of our alumnæ friends.

Springtime had come at last with its moonlight evenings and the songs of the Glee Club floating through the campus; the days that had been cold were warm now, and the elm trees seemed to whisper, "Summer is near, very near, and your happy Sophomore year almost over." Yes, it was fast going, this happy Sophomore year, with its odd mixture of joy and sorrow, going to join the years of the past, and we longingly, yearningly watched it slip away. Then again the elm trees bent their branches and whispered, "Do not be sad little class, for another year will come when once more your great Mother Nature will clothe the world in crimson to greet again the class she loves so well, and we will wave to you a welcome, a welcome to your Junior year."

ALICE JACKSON.

Junior History

THE Heroine in the Melodrama was never more consistently pursued by the Villain than the Class of Ninety-Eight by the rain. It has always been hopelessly unnecessary to inquire of any of our functions, "And how was the weather?" The answer has always been the same: "It was unmitigatedly bad, thank you." And we have not grown any less cloudy with the years. Our Junior Prom. needed all the glory of being the prettiest Prom. yet, with the most effectively dressed hall, to counterbalance the horrors of that weather. A moist dance in the afternoon, moist drag-rides for the obstinately pleasure-bent, moist couples disconsolately haunting the damp Gymnasium—that was real Ninety-Eight weather! Small wonder that it affected the collation—the food does not exist that could bear up against such circumstances! Our sympathies should have been with it, not against it. Nor did it fail us on the occasion of our Junior-Senior entertainment. It needed an unprecedented dramatic event, it needed a smooth floor and unusual ice cream, it needed a polite and appreciative Senior class to brighten that gloomy, menacing, ready-to-pour sky.

As for the twenty-second, authorities differ. Some chroniclers insist that it showered, others that it merely lowered, and yet others that it was a fine day. But these last confuse, doubtless, the beaming burst of joyous appreciation that greeted the Orator of the day on the occasion when that historic *burble busted*, with an actual season of sunshine!

Disposed to melancholy as we actually were, who can blame us that we sought refuge from a gloomy world in the brilliant atmosphere of the contemporary drama? It was surely not that devilish influence, so strongly represented to us later, but a kindly providence that raised up for us, at so slight an expense, a daily *matinée*! And our prompt appreciation of this form of relaxation—that sincerest form of flattery. It is not alone the student body that has stamped with the seal of its approval the melodramatic and the spectacular—ah, no! In consideration of recent precedent we extend our deepest sympathy to them who represented to us at that time our degradation if we persisted in patronizing this form of art; they are brought to confusion, they stand convicted of irreverence and disrespect—for to what unexpected heights have they not carried their derogatory criticism? Let them attend the *matinée* daily, for their sins, for the Mightiest of the Land has justified us!

Driven however from this form of entertainment we were forced to look for excitement elsewhere. It must have been then that we plunged into that mad and reckless form of dissipation that “startled the citizens of Northampton” according to the Cincinnati press, by “hitching on carts clad in bloomers!” Carts thus attired must surely have startled us far more than the citizens, in proportion as we are more closely connected with them, one would think. And it would be hard to convince the present historian that even the chance of appearing in the Cincinnati paper could compel the owners of the smart rainy-day suits that appeared at that time to doff them in order to rival the carts.

We are compelled to believe that the recent and lamentable lack of dignity displayed by our national representatives would never have occurred, could we have been enabled to

transfer to Congress some of the magnificent sense of form that marked our handling of the Australian ballot system. It is very difficult to believe that the successful result of the Presidential election was not greatly due to his victory at Smith. Although the weather was not all that could have been desired—but why refer to it? It was of good, uncertain Ninety-Eight quality.

No enumeration of social events were complete without recognition of that joyful occasion that saw the West Street trees adorned with white ribbon and would have turned the road to a ricefield if the climate of Northampton had been favorable to such a growth. Lack of practice in conduct at such occasions in Northampton may have prevented our further celebration, but even the mild demonstration offered was possibly quite sufficient. As to parting words—there could surely be none fitter or of a higher tone than those so often heard by the delinquents: “I’ll excuse you this time, but don’t do it again!”

And then there came compensation for all our woes, sunshine for all our showers. To few of us is it given to arrest a comet in its onward way or to strike a rising genius in its ascent, but that glory was ours. Whatever our faults, we are not insensible; mediocre we may be, but we can appreciate, thank heaven! Misfortune had deprived the College of a traditional support, it is true, but what is tradition but convention? Originality, free, pure, untrammelled originality burst upon us to fill the gap—and lo, there was none! The only gap was when the new light shone not—and that was only in darkest Northampton. Oh, my friends, that was a choice cult! That was a golden age, indeed! No such paltry detail as study alarmed those devotees—they merely read and pondered. We all know what mighty themes they considered, with what baffling questions they dealt.



Banjo Club

L. Wheeler, '98,	G. Brackett, '99,	M. Montfort, 1900,	E. Merrill, '99,	J. Pickett, '98,	J. Bingham, '98,
M. Brewer, 1901,	M. Gilchrist, 1900,	M. Kennard, '98,	C. Parsons, '98,		
E. Smith, 1901,	B. Pickett, 1900,	A. Minter, '99,	M. Wheeler, 1900,	S. Goodwin, '99,	M. Ainslie, 1900,
S. M. Brown, 1900,	B. Keniston, 1900,	E. Durkee, 1901,	E. Goodsell, 1901,		

“*How would Moses have written Uncle Tom's Cabin?*” How, indeed? Then the foundations of society were nearly shaken, for the Rules for Acquiring Genius were in our proud possession! We knew the Recipe for Fame and we had the Note-book Habit! We sat upon our safeties and took notes on the sunset; we watched our skirt braids to see if they were not ragged enough to indicate a possibility of the Laureateship. And the chief priestesses of the fascinating cult flaunted their glory in the time to come as the first appreciators of Genius. “*There will be two of us to go down to posterity—*”!

And then the light was withdrawn. The Master faded in trailing clouds of glory. We could only bow and submit — according to the Rules for Acquiring Genius.

“Farewell ! thou art too dear for our possessing,
And like enough thou knowest thine estimate !”

And now we must consider the architectural growth of our Junior year. That proud abode of Aristocracy, after early plebeian difficulties began to shed an influence only equaled by the statuary at its doors. Elevator-boys and bell-boys entered this peaceful hamlet and little white bird-baths from which to eat dinners of infinite courses. We welcomed civilization in Plymouth Hall. The Boat-house afforded another opportunity for blue-prints, and the Infirmary, symbolically placed so near to Paradise, offered a dignified retreat for those who longed for rest. Although rarely used, owing to the impossibility of sheltering contagious diseases, severe illnesses, or any invalid requiring any particular attention, it has always been possible for a fairly active person with a slight sprain to get along there without any really serious inconvenience.



Glee Club

M. Almy, 1900, C. Day, 1901, R. Duncan, '98, E. Squire, '99,
M. Childs, '99, H. Ross, 1900, J. MacAlister, '98, B. Heidrich, '98, A. Westinghouse, '99, M. Somers, '99,
Fales, 1901,
M. King, '99, K. Seward, '99, K. Farwell, '98, Buffington, 1900, A. Duncan, '98,
F. Freeman, 1900, Chase, '99, Lane, 1900, M. Whitcomb, 1900, E. Arnold, '98, Yerxa, 1901.

Were there time we might discuss the Class-room events; the History of Philosophy that flunked our elders and betters but merely demonstrated our ability when we met in our turn the wave—perhaps a trifle softened by the last shock! The Foolish Virgins who answered not, “When the Scribes plucked forth rolls out of their garments:” the abrupt objection to original blackboard illustration in the Logic division, the prompt answer to an appeal to name some famous man of the present day—“William Shakspeare!” That virtuous young creature who could not remember her first lie, who really had not told one, and from whom the instructor passed “to a more hopeful subject!” But let us not pursue further such a painful research: let us not consider what may have been possible to “a more hopeful subject!” It shall not sully the pure page of an editor who has kept the *Monthly* from a questionable morality too sadly imputed to a previous board!

But of even that great year the chronicle must sometime cease, for even the Junior year does not last for ever, and the calendar is as imperative as if it were not what it likes to be called—the best year of all.

J. D. DASKAM.

Senior History

TWENTY minutes before nine o'clock, Thursday morning, September twenty-third, in the year of grace, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, we the illustrious Class of Ninety-Eight, for the first time adorned with our presence the august front rows of Assembly Hall; thus inaugurating our entrance upon the high duties and privileges of seniorhood. From that memorable hour until to-night, we have endeavored to wear with befitting grace and dignity, the mantle Ninety-Seven let fall upon our youthful shoulders. Now on the eve of handing it down in turn to our successor, we look back with pride and pleasure upon the period during which we wore it as our highest insignia of honor.

We commenced our Senior year under most happy auspices. In the selection of our presiding officer we chose one of the most able, distinguished and popular class-presidents ever elected in Smith College. Our love for her, and our pride in her, are not destined to end with our last class meeting. She will always be identified with our happiest memories of Senior year, *quorum magna pars fuit*.

One of the first new things noticed on our return, was the bureau of information for Freshmen, established under the auspices of the Smith College Association for Christian Work,—a measure so successful in all respects, that it bids fair to become a permanent institution. To Ninety-Eight is due a large part of the credit of this excellent undertaking.

Another surprise greeted us when we went to fill our cards for the first semester. The neat white paste-boards of previous years had been replaced by enormous yellow sheets, a fearsome sight. Many were the snares and pit-falls from which we were delivered by the charmingly explicit directions furnished for our guidance. In the words of the poet:

“Please do not bend or tear,
Please fill this out with care,
Please write your name with ink,
Before you write it, think.”

It was rather a bore, to be sure, to have to write our distinguished signatures a dozen or more times on the aforesaid mainsails; but we thanked the gods later on, for the excellent practice that harmless amusement afforded, when the Committee on the Class Book sent us each a minute white slip, to be adorned with the same familiar decoration. “It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.”

The interest manifested by a large number of us in the department of economics was a flattering tribute to its youthful head whose lamented departure later on cast a shadow over our usually blissful Spring Term. Indeed, have not the very heavens seemed to mourn?

Beginning with almost our first class-meeting, the burning question of dramatics flamed into prominence, and throughout the year continued to be our one absorbing topic, not even quenched by the great tidal wave of patriotism set in motion by the war with Spain, though as the first war time class in college, our interest in the latter



Ninety-Eight Editors

L. Cable,	A. Jackson,	E. Byles,	C. Harter,	
G. Chase,	J. D. Daskam,	R. Milne,	M. Dillon.	

was by no means small. Concerning the history of that one great movement alone,—the Play, I mean,—volumes might be written. Suffice it to say, that in the important decisions involved, we once at least exercised a woman's privilege and changed our minds. To our Committee, whose ability, energy and zeal made our Ninety-Eight Dramatics so gratifying a success, we here gladly acknowledge our debt of sincere appreciation and gratitude for their untiring efforts in behalf of the class. Much Ado has already been produced. No words of mine can do justice to its distinguished merit. I can only record with deep emotion, that it was worthy of Shakspeare,—and of Ninety-Eight. Surely,

“If any care for what is here
Survive in spirits rendered free.”

the happy ghost of the Bard of Avon must smile upon us to-night with hearty approval, especially, I know, upon the winsome winner of his own prize;—and no wonder, for all Ninety-Eight shines in her reflected glory, the recipient of one of the highest honors in the gift of Alma Mater. Here's three times three for our gallant Ajax,—“May she live long and prosper.”

Late in the autumn, our righteous indignation both as members of the Senior class, and of the college, was aroused by a number of articles in some of the prominent newspapers copied widely throughout the country, concerning what they were pleased to term, the “Religious Revival at Smith.” It was asserted that the intense emotional excitement said to exist here, was due to the influence of the Senior class, whose leading lights had been almost conspicuously in the forefront of all the more serious movements set on foot

during their college course. Shades of Ninety-Six! However, this unpleasantness blew over in the course of time, and happily the expression of our religious life survived the trial without injury of any kind. As for the name it gave us,—well, worse things can befall a class than to be called “pious.” Apropos of our “piety” we seem strangely to have departed from all accepted traditions of godliness, in the matter of theatre-going; for it took all the solemnity of at least one class-meeting to impress upon our minds the necessity of refraining from certain indulgences in that line, loved in previous years, “not wisely, but too well.”

Fortunately, other forms of amusements were not wanting, for instance, the interesting process of having our Senior photographs taken. We await the collective result in the Class Book, with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret,—especially when we remember our last year’s gowns.

Unfortunately, space forbids more than the briefest mention of other memorable days and events. The eve of Washington’s Birthday, when we were so delightfully entertained, as a class, by our president at the Morris House, will not soon be forgotten by us; nor the brilliant victory at Basket Ball the following month, when success at last smiled upon the red and the purple. In the joy of that time, previous reverses faded from memory.

The Sophomore-Senior entertainment April twentieth,—a play given by the Cap and Bells Society of Williams College, was “a thing of beauty and a joy forever,” especially the costumes. On May twenty-fifth we were guests of the Juniors. Their celebration in our honor was one of the pleasantest affairs of the kind ever given here,—quite up to the standard of Ninety-Nine’s enviable reputation in all departments, social and other wise.

We have been led to expect, from many rumors current in regard to the subject during the year, that to-night an unusually large proportion of our members will take the pleasure of a brief promenade around the festive board. In view of this state of affairs, it has been mildly suggested that at our first reunion we all appear with our names, old or new, pinned on, after the pleasant fashion in vogue at the Freshman Frolic,—as a means of avoiding amusing mistakes when we meet again.

When we meet again—the words remind me that now my pleasant duty as historian is almost done. It only remains for me to record the happy close of our so eagerly anticipated Commencement festivities. To-night, no longer as Seniors, but as alumnae we meet here, together perhaps for the last time. Most sincerely trusting that a happy future is even now opening its golden gates wide for all dear old Ninety-Eight to enter,—let me leave here these few reminiscences of this pleasantest of years, here, deep in your hearts, with all the never to be forgotten memories of Auld Lang Syne. To-morrow we go into “the wide, wide world.” Yet

“Who can tell
What golden hours with what full hands may be
Waiting us in the distance.”

KATHARINE C. AHERN.

Toy Oration

Patriotism and Culture

IF the spectacle of a nation at war pursuing steadily its ordinary peaceful business be an interesting and instructive one, with how much more interest do we consider such a nation following out in the midst of war its ceremonies and festivities! Nor is this attitude of interest in the slightest degree derogatory, it would seem, to the highest degree of interest in the country's welfare, to the keenest pitch of enthusiasm for her best good. Though oblivious apparently for the moment of the national situation, no well-informed person would call such an assembly as this unpatriotic; and it is this instinctive appreciation of the nature and character of patriotism that I propose to analyze.

What is patriotism to-day for Americans? The vast majority of us would find definition difficult. Patriotism was a simple thing in 1776; it was bound up with the everlasting laws of righteousness in 1861; in 1898, when we are neither defending our sacred rights nor establishing the personal freedom of our countrymen, it is more subtle to define, more dangerous to misunderstand. But there are certain things which we are sure that it is not, and these are, broadly speaking, four. It is not rhetoric, it is not hysteria, it is not bravery, it is not an intellectual appreciation of the national condition.

None of us here to-day, I suppose, falls into these first two errors. The common-sense of the American people assures them that no oratory, however inflated, no sermon, no lecture, no pamphlet, no book, however effective, can stand alone for patriotism; they feel instinctively that words are easy to say—perhaps too easy to be the best expression for so difficult, so stern a virtue. Our shyness as a people to show too quickly any deep feeling renders us doubtful of emotional demands in the shape of the American flag displayed after vaudeville performances and the cheap appeals of an hysterical press; we feel that beyond anything else the love for one's country is sane, and that though public it need not be notorious!

But to a great number of people patriotism seems to me to be perilously synonymous with bravery. It needs but the slightest consideration to assure us that great personal bravery can exist absolutely apart from any patriotism; that constitutional physical courage may exhibit itself in the most traitorous acts, and that individuals and masses of men alike are stimulated through an evanescent excitement into a hardihood that is practically insanity. The American people need at this crisis particularly to realize that though patriotism is always brave, all bravery is not patriotism.

In opposition to an error essentially popular I would place the conception of a few people, who, though small in numbers, are not without influence over a certain proportion of the best minds of the country. There will always be in every community a certain number of highly educated people whose emotion has attenuated into theory, whose brains have drained their hearts, one might almost say, so that to them their nation has come to mean a system of statecraft, their country an experiment in de-

mocracy. It is unfortunately very difficult to see comprehensively and to feel concentratedly, and some of the greatest men of every country have lost enormous opportunities for influencing wisely the masses who distrusted them instinctively because they were not sure of the red blood under this highly wrought organism; because they felt that the thorough-going cosmopolite could not, in the very nature of the case, be trusted to defend unquestioningly his country. And the people are right. The passions of the mob are far from our ideal, but the views of the philosopher are little nearer. They must be transmuted into emotion to become patriotism.

How then shall we define positively? It seems to me that all the various qualities, known to us all, felt by us all, fall readily into place when we understand that patriotism is a state, not a spasm; an attitude, not an act. When we realize that a man may never be called upon to perform one brave deed officially for his country, may never be carried out of himself by one of those great waves of national enthusiasm that overflow the country in a national crisis, and yet may live and die a thorough patriot, then we need have no fears for our patriotic ideal. When this country understands that it is not primarily the few men who have been placed in a position to accomplish great deeds that they rely on, but on the multitude whose lives and characters are such that they might be counted upon, absolutely, to do the deed when the occasion comes, then we shall realize that our patriotism is growing in the roots of all the generations, and that the separate blossoms of to-day are but the results of it, not itself. I have said that it is a state and not a spasm; I mean by that that it can grow and does grow quietly, throughout a life, and becomes a part

of the growth of that life; that it does not spring into existence at the shock of any emotion however powerful. A patriotism based upon a brass band is more evanescent than its music; emotion that depends upon a flag will fade before its colors. But the true lover of his country can love her alone and can love her in silence; when she calls for the use of his life in peace as well as when she demands the sacrifice of his life in war. It must be the habit of mind throughout a lifetime if it is to meet a crisis successfully.

It would not be possible for me to say to a representative American audience that their country lacked patriotism; but that American patriotism is not yet perfect in quality is obvious to all thinking people, and in proportion as their love for their country and their pride in her is great and hopeful they feel this imperfection. Force, vigor, indomitable resistance are here, but the recent crisis has shown to us and to the other nations that this patriotism of ours lacks terribly in one thing—culture. This is a short and overused word, but there is no other that quite implies so perfectly exactly what our public expression of national feeling has shown us to lack. Dignity, restraint, an appreciation of the inestimable value of forms, a recognition of the fact that all great movements involving the activity of a great nation must necessarily be long deliberated, slowly performed—in these we have shown ourselves terribly lacking. Of this lack of culture in our patriotism I need give but two examples: the attitude of our press and the attitude of our national representatives at the outbreak of the present war. It is not alone before the other nations that we stand ashamed; the best of American civilization blushes at the vulgarity of that

journalism that with its absolute lack of respect for privacy, its publication of details not only indecent, but in the present case utterly unmilitary, its proverbial disregard for truth, its sensational and unpardonable use of its influence toward precipitating the war, has accentuated and justified that satiric criticism we have so resented from other countries. As to the behavior of a body of men deliberately selected by the American people to represent them before the world, we can only hope that another crisis may find us more worthy to illustrate the civilizing effects of democracy! In the face of the humiliating behavior of what should stand for our most conservative body, we must pause to ask ourselves if men unfit to govern themselves are yet ready to teach government to others!

Does all this mean that there is no culture in America? Far from it. It means that we have not placed that culture where it can most benefit us. It means that our system of representation has neglected to represent us by our best. It means that we have not set the seal of our national approval on our individual achievements of an admirable state of culture. Can we show the world the American type of that great English statesman whose death his nation just now mourns? I fear not. While it can be said of America that her best men keep out of politics, while we are willing to be represented and governed by our inferiors, while we are willing to believe that any but our greatest men are fit to fill our highest places, the outlook for our best patriotism is not hopeful. And what is the remedy for this? Only the dissatisfaction of the people. Vulgarity cannot be cured by satirizing it, by preaching against it, by going away to Paris or London or Rome and trying to forget it. Only when the body of

the people refuse it and demand something better will it die its natural death. So long as the American people call for a vulgar journalism, so long as the mass of them are satisfied with a cheap excitable patriotism, so long as our great cities submit to their rings and bosses, so long as we shall endure these things. When we have developed sufficiently as a people to refuse unconditionally these aspects of our national life, we shall begin to build our patriotic pride upon a broader base.

And what is going to effect this change in the people? The great civilizer, the great reformer, the great trainer, education. That great force that takes the wilful, insubordinate selfish narrow intellect and pushes it, drives it, presses it into conformity with law and tradition and system. That wonderful teacher whose great lesson is not any fact or even the sum total of any number of facts, but an attitude toward life and the world, a capacity for knowledge, a respect for the wisdom of others, a self control inculcated in order to possess any of it—all that civilization opposes to barbarism and savagery. To-day more than ever the schools of a nation are its stepping-stones to power. And this educational attitude is very adequately presented by the American college. It is eminently an institution of the people, for the people. It is not a university, it is not a school of technology. It does not offer to the already highly cultivated an opportunity for adding a final and exclusive polish to a recondite scholarship. It is a great tireless ceaseless manufactory, taking in every year unrelated masses of intellectual force, undisciplined, untrained, unevenly developed, more or less wilful, more or less crude, utterly heterogeneous. And this mass it amalgamates, represses, develops, finishes, holds for four years in an attitude of scholarship,

of receptivity, in an atmosphere of breadth and at the same time of strict and systematic discipline, and finally scatters the results as widely as may be, only to take in new raw material out of which to evoke another finished product. Finished entirely? That were a foolish claim: its very conditions render that impossible. But what I would impress upon you is that while all unfinished in particular acquisition it does hope to inculcate finally an attitude: the attitude of culture. The breadth of view, the quietness of mind, the recognition of rule and law, the necessary disinterestedness of study, which is the altruism of the intellect.

Let us consider for a moment the other side of education—the education of character, which is virtue. Its qualities are precisely analogous to those of intellectual education, and its object is equally an attitude of life to be acquired and not any particular act or sum of acts. As no one can grow wise alone so no one can grow virtuous alone. What the school does for the intellect the home should do for the morals. The home that sends out from it a child unsubmissive to authority, inconsiderate, wilful, unadjusted to society and its inexorable laws of restraint and courtesy has failed in its mission. The institution of the family is, properly understood, the direct preventive of egoism, and the simplest means of inculcating unselfishness. Now the sublimation, the generalization of these virtues of the home and school is simply—patriotism. Upon the disinterestedness of the mind and the unselfishness of the heart rises the highest devotion to the loftiest ideal. Of patriotism, taken in this connection only as an example of the other virtues, I would make four assertions. It is necessarily learned

in youth: it is necessarily learned from example and influence and not from direct instruction: it is necessarily learned in times of peace: it is necessarily based upon the idea of home.

It is learned in youth in common with any other enduring virtue. Like any other virtue it is not an accomplishment: it cannot be varnished on in however strenuous a maturity. The child who has seen about him selfishness, impurity and narrowness of mind cannot build up out of these, in a manhood which is but the result of his youth-stuff, the altruism out of which patriotism is made. And it must be taught by influence and example because no child who has seen these unlovely characteristics about him will heed any instructions to a higher life. If in his school he sees egoism and disorder, lack of discipline, lack of training, if he learns what he likes in the way he likes it, then, whatever facts he may have accumulated, the attitude of culture is not his, and education has denied him her greatest blessing. No amount of storied heroism can take the ordinary soul triumphantly through its heroic tests if it has had no practice in heroism, which is altruism.

But how can example be possible in times of peace? How can patriotism be burnt into a child's soul with no crisis to stimulate his teachers to action? The answer to this is the significance of my entire analysis. Actual particular examples of what are commonly known as patriotic acts he may not have. It is not possible for every child to see his father leave his home for a probable death for his country. It is not possible for every child to see his mother give up his father to that country. Such a heritage would be invaluable: such an experience should make every child patriot

as long as that memory lived with him. But there is not always war, and what remains for the child of patriots is to live in such an atmosphere, to feel at every turn the currents of such a trend of life, that were any such demand to be made he could be as absolutely certain of their answer to it as if he had seen that answer given. To live under such intellectual and moral training is the proper privilege of every civilized child: in proportion as the home and the school do their duty by him he gets such training. Any other certain basis for patriotism, or national altruism, there cannot be, for there is no recipe for this functional virtue. If by shaking his country's flag at him after meals, or calling him to bed by the bugle, which latter method has been actually suggested in a recent Boston paper, we could teach a child to serve his country, classes in patriotism, also suggested by the present war, would be valuable. But only that discipline that makes of his patriotism an attitude, can teach him this virtue, and with such teaching we should need no special classes, for America would be one great school for patriots.

I would not degrade patriotism to you, but I insist that it is far from being that etherial unsensuous inexplicable emotion it is so often described. There may be here and there in the world a soul so delicate, so artistic, so sensitive to beautiful impressions that this sublimation of all unselfishness becomes vital to it with no experience of home, no particular corner of the earth to which to anchor itself, but these artists in the spiritual are rare. The average man must have had a home, or something that stood to him for a home, in order to derive from that his patriotic ideal. You cannot conceive of nomadic tribes as patriotic: the tent that is pitched every day in a new

place cannot contain memories of a virtue learned there from day to day, an establishment precious enough to die for. You cannot imagine cannibals patriotic: where there is no civilization, there cannot be an ideal of national devotion. When a man fights for his country he fights for his home, for the homes of all his neighbors, then, by a sudden idealization, for the homes of all who live under the same national conditions, which seem to him indubitably the best for a nation. In a defensive war he fights to preserve the conditions he has grown to love and keep them possible: in an offensive war he fights to preserve the ideals elsewhere, because he honestly believes that the virtues of the home and school as he has learned them are a blessing to any land and must sometime come to every land that is to be properly governed. He carries the schools of intellect and character by force, if necessary, because he believes them the best for the world. Whatever the economic conditions, whatever the national expediency of such a course politically considered, whatever, I might even say, the chance than the country offering such a national lesson is in no position to administer it, this reason for offensive war is the only justifiable one. Whether successful or not, whether politically justifiable or not, the man, the army that fights with this idea, fights righteously: the man, the army that fights without it, however events may justify a selfishly aggressive course, fights a losing fight.

I have tried to show you that patriotism, that largest, most generalized virtue, is founded upon these two concrete limited institutions—the home and the school, and founded in youth. Now, under whose influence does youth, both in the home and the school, come? Under the influence of women. By some combination of circumstances

—you may call it natural evolution or you may call it the decree of a beneficent Providence, and we are growing to see that these two are not so hopelessly separated—it has come from endless ages to be the custom for the man to go out to kill, or legislate or earn and for the woman to remain at home to direct the household and the family. Though an old custom, age has not yet made it old-fashioned—let us hope it never may! By some economical adjustment it has resulted that ninety-nine hundredths of the children of the country receiving instruction receive it from women. In our great graded public schools, in our private schools, in our city missions the children of this country get what education the mother cannot furnish from the teacher. I have been told with wrathful emphasis that it is because the teacher is so underpaid that only women can be found to undertake that office: that no self-respecting man would go through that drudgery at that price. I have only to say that if underpayment alone keeps the office filled with women, I hope they may be eternally underpaid! To take woman in any appreciable proportion out of that business is to take one of her two great professions from her, one of her two enormous influences out of her hands. The mother and the teacher—the two professions open to her since Eve, the two professions by which she controls her pupil from the cradle, trains him with the only lasting training, holds in him her country in her hands.

In the face of this great truth the insensate demand of women for wider fields, greater influence, more numerous avenues to fame is absurd and pitiful. There can be no wider field: there never existed the possibility of a greater influence: its limitations are unthinkable. Only with a perfected race will these professions cease to lay upon

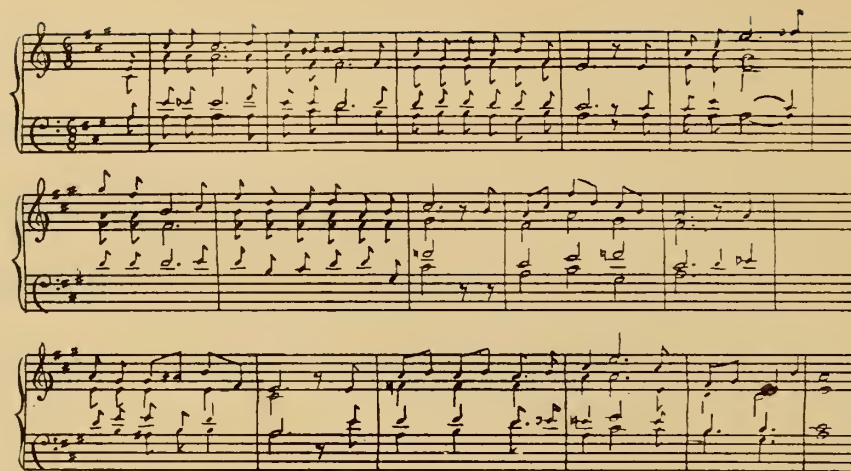
women a responsibility infinitely greater than they have yet fulfilled. With the future of the universe lying, in its youth, with them, the pride with which some women announce that to-day nine hundred and ninety-nine professions are open to them while last year only nine hundred and ninety-eight were possible, is idiotic. There are open to her the two professions of the world, now, as ever: the two which, though capable of mismanagement, misinterpretation, carelessness and wickedness are yet capable of the greatest sublimation that can glorify any human institution. If the business of God can be reduced to terminology, surely it falls into two parts—creation and instruction. He brings us into this world and he teaches us how to live in it, and he has laid upon women the eternal commission of carrying on, through his very methods, which are steady surrounding influences, not great and startling acts, his never ending work. To these professions all others are secondary: the ministry? but what clergyman can teach purity, gentleness and unselfishness to those who have found in their homes impurity, cruelty and selfishness? No man can make over the heart that has grown daily in sin. The law? but what lawyer can hope to find appreciation of justice, equity, and prompt obedience to authority from those who have not gotten these disciplines with the rest that education brought them while their minds were forming? Medicine? but what physician can inculcate temperance, cleanliness and regular living to the man who knew as a child intemperance, uncleanness and dissolute ways? It depends upon the skilled labor in these two great professions, which only control their material from the beginning, whether or not the other professions shall be up-hill work, whether or not they shall be continued striving against ignorance and brutality in the mass of the people.

You see what I would say finally—that with all other virtues the intelligent altruistic love of country must be taught, if at all, to youth, and in the nature of the case by youth's teacher. She is not called upon to serve her country by lectures on the suffrage, by articles on government, by going in brigades to a war that might never have needed her services if she had trained its combatants better! If as mother and teacher she can set the patriotic ideals of a nation and bring up its patriots, a grateful country will relieve her of all lesser responsibilities.

But these professions are capable of being simple martyrdom, you tell me; they number their millions, unknown, unpraised, unrecognized by their country. Martyrdom? it is an unspeakable martyrdom, but on that martyrdom must rise the coming generation. Drudgery? it is an endless drudgery. The millions of exhausted women whom successive crowds of untaught children drive to their graves, unconscious and uncanonized, witness the drudgery. But upon that drudgery rises what academic leisure the American people enjoy to-day. Slavery? it is a terrible slavery. But upon the right use and influence of that slavery depends the idealism and sincerity and worth of our country and our love for it. To-day as always the women of this country, as of every other, hold in their hands the patriotism of this country. It is an enormous power. May they learn to use it well!

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

Ivy Song



Ivy Song

Clara Van Cott Bunch

A LITTLE while we lingered here,—
 Forgetting time that fled too fast,
 That brought us, all too soon, the last
 Swift moments of our parting year.
 By memories almost delayed
 —And yet by hope our feet are sped—
 We go half eager, half afraid,
 An unknown path to tread.

A little while we lingered here,
 Alas, so short, so sweet a space!
 Yet would we leave some little trace,
 Unwilling, now the end draws near.
 Like others who have tread these halls,
 Who left of love the living sign,
 So we to-day beside these walls
 Plant tenderly our vine.

A little while we lingered here,
 And they shall come, and in their turn
 Shall stay a little while, and learn
 As we to hold these mem'ries dear.
 And so the vine we plant shall show
 The love we bore, to later days,
 Shall tell with vines of long ago
 Our Alma Mater's praise.

RUTH PARSONS MILNE.

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Wood, Ruth G.	-	-	-	-	Pawtucket, R. I.
Woodberry, Ethel M.	-	-	-	-	W. Newton, Mass.
Woodman, Esther	-	-	-	-	Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Wright, Christina	-	-	-	-	Fitchburg, Mass.

